A CHILD'S FIGHT FOR NAME AND FORTUNE: PHOTOGRAPHS

The Daily Mirror

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VOUCHER

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING WHERE THE SUN SHINES: WAR DOES NOT STOP THE DRESS PARADE AT NICE.

A typical scene at the present moment at Nice, where the dress parade is as beautiful as ever. The dresses this year show a curious mixture of furs and most elaborate sunshades.

A white serge costume trimmed with black sealskin and sealskin muff.

The military cloak at Nice is now very popular.

A delightful summery costume with a high plumed straw hat and a sunshade.

A combination costume with a fur muff, a baby sunshade and white shoes with red heels.

If it were not for the absence of young men the beautiful season at Nice would appear as crowded as ever this year. There, as always in January, the dresses, which are intelligent anticipations of what we shall see in London next season, are now on view. "The women of the Allies must not stop wearing charming costumes," said a great costumier at Nice last week. "It would not be fair to our gallant soldiers when they come home."—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

"TEDDY'S" CLAIM TO BE AN HEIR.

Judge "Puts Out of Case" Evidence of Two Witnesses.

DAYS OF CIVIL WAR.

When the Slingsby lawsuit was resumed in the Probate Court yesterday, before Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, the latter announced that he proposed to put out of the case altogether the evidence of Hattie Blain and Dr. Fraser (the nurse and the doctor who attended Mrs. Slingsby when "Teddy" was born, and who in their evidence on commission swore that the child was not Mrs. Slingsby's).

"I think," said the Judge, "they are both witnesses of such a character that I am not prepared to believe them on their oath. It might have been different if I had had the opportunity of seeing them and judging them."

The suit is one in which Charles Eugene Edward Slingsby ("Teddy"), aged four, seeks to establish that he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slingsby, of Scriven Hall, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, and heir to the extensive Slingsby estates.

The child is alleged to have been born at McAlister-street, San Francisco, on September 1, 1910.

Two brothers of Mr. Slingsby assert that Mrs. Slingsby had adopted the child of a young woman named Anderson and passed it off as her own.

The hearing was again adjourned.

"DEEP RIFT IN THE FAMILY."

Mr. Waugh resumed his address, dealing in detail with the evidence which had been taken on commission in America.

In the course of his argument counsel referred to what would be the effect of American law on the case.

The Judge: I am glad to say, having read the evidence, I do not know anything of American law.

At the conclusion of his argument counsel said he made no suggestion against the bona fides of Mr. Charles Slingsby, who had been persuaded by Mrs. Slingsby to believe her story.

All who knew the late Rev. Charles Slingsby would be aware that it was necessary to defend him against any attacks made on his bona fides.

Counsel submitted that the petitioner's case depended on the unconfirmed testimony of Mrs.

Captain Richard Lloyd George, eldest son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose engagement is announced to Miss Dilys Roberts, of Carnarvon.

Slingsby and was not sufficient to satisfy the Court that the claim had been established.

Mr. Duke (for the petitioner) contended that there was no fair ground for depriving his client of his parentage, name and position in the world to which by the conclusion of his father and mother he was entitled.

"IMMEMORIAL SACRIFICES."

The Slingsby family had been bound up with English life for 200 or 300 years, and immemorial sacrifices had been made by Sir Henry Slingsby in the time of the Civil War. And the heir was to be cut off from this heritage!

Mr. Duke said there had been a deep rift in the family caused by the marriage. When Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby returned to England the family resemblance of the child to his parents was remarked by several people who had seen him.

He contended that there was not produced in support of the affirmative case of the respondents the evidence of any one known, identified and reputable person from this side of the water.

Hostile action was taken against Mrs. Slingsby and the child without giving any warning to the brother and sister-in-law. The affection of the members of the Slingsby family struck them to such lengths that with the aid of the most unscrupulous detective service ever known in the civilised world they started inquiries for the purpose of bastardising this child about whom they knew nothing.

His learned friend said this was a fine proof of generosity of an English gentleman. He was welcome to his opinion. Those who did this almost inhuman act took care not to come there. The respondents put forward in the witness-box young Mr. Alan Slingsby, who really knew nothing about the matter.

Dealing with the evidence of Dr. Fraser, counsel pointed out that this witness had carried on a questionable business at Chinatown, San Francisco. He was a man to whom a five pound note was a serious temptation.

DAY OF THE CABBAGE.

Amateur Gardeners Growing Vegetables in Place of Flowers.

RIGHT TIMES FOR SOWING.

To grow cabbages instead of roses, potatoes in place of pansies—that is the ambition of the amateur gardener this year; and there is to be a boom in vegetable growing, say the seed merchants, which will beat all records.

Already enthusiastic amateur gardeners, who in previous years thought of nothing except bulbs and blooms, are planning out their gardens this winter for such prosaic plants as Spanish onions, potatoes, carrots, turnips, broad beans and cabbages.

Flowers will, of course, not be entirely neglected, but in hundreds of suburban gardens the beds usually devoted to roses, carnations and other blooms will be given over to vegetables.

"Large numbers of our clients who in the past simply grew flowers are this year devoting a large part of their gardens to vegetables," said a representative of a firm of seed merchants to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday:—

"Many people have taken over small plots of ground, in addition to their own gardens, for the growing of potatoes, carrots, and so on.

"The reason for the sudden popularity of vegetable growing is obvious. There is every probability that vegetables will be rather dear during the coming spring and summer. Moreover, a shortage of labour in the fields is likely, and the transport of produce to London will possibly be affected.

"In any case the wise man is he who stocks his garden with potatoes, peas, etc., and so insures for himself, at least for part of the year, a supply of fresh vegetables for his family."

Some idea of the times and seasons for the growing of vegetables out of doors may be obtained from the following table:—

Beetroot	April.
Broad beans	End of this month and February.
Brussels sprouts	Beginning of March.
Broccoli	Beginning of March.
Carrots	March and April.
Lettuce	March.
Onions	February and March.
Potatoes	April.

Under cover vegetables may, of course be sown much earlier.

WIDOW'S VANISHED GOLD.

Woman Who Drew Old Age Pension Though She Was Left £200.

The mystery of the disappearance of an aged woman's money was the feature of an inquest at Lambeth yesterday.

The dead woman was Mrs. Jane Worley, aged seventy-six, a widow, of Priory-grove, Wandsworth-road. She died through a shred of meat choking her.

Herbert E. Worley, a son, said that although he lived in the same house as his mother he had not seen her for three weeks or a month. She was in receipt of an old age pension, because she had nothing else to depend upon.

She had been in bed for about eighteen months, and no doctor had been called, because there was nothing the matter with her.

When her husband died, two years ago, he left her a house full of valuable furniture, which was sold for between £400 and £500.

The Coroner: And yet she had nothing to live upon?—The money was divided between my brothers, and my mother had her share, about £150.

What became of it?—I cannot say.

Did she give it to you?—Certainly not. I suppose she spent it amongst her friends.

Do you mean to say that this old woman has handed out £150 to her friends?—Well, it went.

The coroner remarked that they could only form a sort of surmise as to what had happened to the old lady's money and wonder how it was that a person who had something like £200 should be paid 5s. a week from the Government.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

DOCTORS GIVE UP £34,000 A YEAR.

Something like £34,000, it is estimated, will be voluntarily given up during the next twelve months by the twenty-six doctors associated with Australia's five field hospitals for the front.

Excluding all below the rank of major, the professional incomes of the officers of the force, all of them leading practitioners in Australia, has been computed as about £50,000 a year. But the seventeen majors, eight lieutenant-colonels and the colonel who have been accepted for service will draw only £16,000 per annum between them from the Commonwealth Government.

One well-known doctor has sacrificed an income of £5,000 to take up a lieutenant-colonel's duties at £821 5s.

WILL SEE MORE THAN HE HOPED.

Claiming to be an American citizen, but speaking with a strong German accent, Adolf Dietzel was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Aberdeen yesterday for failing to register.

He had been to Hull and Edinburgh before coming to Aberdeen, and said he represented a Dutch firm and wanted to mingle pleasure with business by going to Inverness and Cromarty to see the Scottish Highlands. While claiming to have been born in Chicago, he admitted that he was educated in Germany.

WAR NOT THE ONLY TOPIC

People Finding Time Now to Chat About Ordinary Everyday Things.

FOOD PRICES DISCUSSED.

A Parisian visitor has commented on the fact, which seemed odd to him, that Londoners did not confine their conversation wholly to the subject of war. "In Paris," he said, "we talk war, eat war and sleep war. There is nothing else for us."

The Daily Mirror made a tour of London to ascertain whether the French critic's observation was true. Londoners are not wholly absorbed in war, so far as their conversation was to be noted in various places. The war was discussed in many places, but it was not the dominant topic.

At a suburban family's dinner-party the stories of the retailer of local gossip had again come into favour as the chief topic of conversation.

A forthcoming local marriage, the ideal clothes to wear during the present topsy-turvy weather, why Mrs. Smith was not accompanied by Mr. Smith at the theatre on the previous evening were also discussed.

In a suburban train bringing crowds of City workers to town girls seemed to be engrossed in novels and *The Daily Mirror* serial just as much as before the war.

In a motor-omnibus two friends met, and after the first formal greeting both complained of the weather.

One or two remarks concerning personal friends followed, then "How's business?" from each in turn, and it was only after twelve minutes' general conversation that the war was mentioned.

At tea in a restaurant after the matinee the talk flowed freely on theatres, stages favourites and the inevitable weather.

At lunch in a City restaurant general business matters held sway conversationally.

BLOOM FOR THE BELLES.

Woolly Nap That Gives Soft Touch to Vivid Hues of Women's Sweaters.

Women are to wear sweaters of brighter hues than ever before, but with the Angora sweater there will be a bloom effect.

Such sober colours as black, dark blue, grey and brown are little favoured.

Here are the hues fancied to-day for the Angora sweater:—

Clear bright yellow.	Blue that has the greenish robin's egg shade.
Medium rose with a dash of cream.	Light violet.
Lavender blue.	Vivid brown.
Light emerald green.	

The Angora surface, with its soft nap, gives a subdued bloom to even the brightest hue and tones down the colour till it loses the crudity the same colour would have in smooth finish yarn.

Buttons covered with crochet stitch in the same wool that is used for the sweater are on most of the latest hand-made models.

Other new hand-made models are in astrakhan stitch, the surface presenting a very rough curl, resembling that of astrakhan or Persian lamb.

The silk sweater, the aristocrat of the family, is also now being produced in beautiful colourings.

LAMB AS CAMP MASCOT.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

SUSSEX, Jan. 21.—One of the happiest bodies of men undergoing military training are the men of the Southdown battalions of the Royal Sussex Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Claude Lowther, M.P.

I was privileged to visit the huts which have been erected for the men, and I was introduced

PETER.

to the Lambs' mascot, which, appropriately enough, is a Southdown lamb, which answers to the name of Peter.

He is quite tame. He follows the men about like a dog, walks up and down stairs, and shows a decided partiality for children.

CAPTIVE COUNT'S FORGED PAPERS.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—According to a message from Geneva the Turin newspaper *Stampa* announces that Count von Keller, a German officer of high rank, has been arrested on board the liner Duca D'Aosta by a British warship and taken to Gibraltar.

The count is stated to have been on a secret mission to the United States and was provided with a forged American passport.—Reuter.

SIGNAL-BOX DRAMA IN TRAIN SMASH.

Inquest Story of Flag Waved to Save Express.

PASSED LIKE LIGHTNING.

Dramatic evidence by two signalmen was given yesterday at the Ilford Town Hall at the resumed inquest on nine of the victims of the Ilford train disaster on New Year's Day, when the Clacton express crashed into a Gidea Park train.

The first witness was Henry Nicholls, the signalman in charge of the Ilford west box.

His evidence was that he had a call from the east box for the Gidea Park train at 8.36 a.m.

The Southend train was coming up on the through line and he did not accept the local train at once, but got the boy to ask the Ilford east box how the Clacton express was running.

He received a reply that it would be passing in about a minute, and calculated that it would be four minutes late.

The signalman at the east box asked him to accept the Clacton train, but witness blocked it, having decided to give the Gidea Park train precedence.

WITNESS'S EMOTION.

Witness proceeded:—

"As the Gidea Park train was passing the junction the 8.30 local from Ilford was leaving, and there was also an engine shunting carriages close to the station. I had to look after the movements of the engine, and for that reason I was standing on the framework of my box with my back to the Clacton train. Having blocked it back I did not expect it to be there. I heard a noise and turned to my boy and said: 'Good God! I have not freed out that train!'"

For the moment the witness was overcome by emotion, but, recovering himself, he proceeded calmly with his evidence.

He stated that he electrically and mechanically locked his signals, and it would be impossible when that had been done for the signalman at the east box to release them. "The Clacton train passed me like a flash of lightning," he continued.

The Coroner: When the Clacton train passed you could you do nothing more?—Nothing more.

In answer to a juror, witness said that the Gidea Park train was just as important as the Clacton train after it had passed Seven Kings. If he had kept the former back it would have involved the stopping of several local trains.

"FORTY MILES AN HOUR."

A juror asked if the Clacton train had been pulled up before to give preference to the local train.

This question was answered by Mr. Chew, the company's solicitor, who stated that in December it was stopped almost alternately to give preference to the Gidea Park train.

Alfred Nicholls, signalman at Ilford east box, stated that he received a call for the Clacton train at 8.37, and gave the Ilford carriage siding "Line clear" for that train.

He then called Ilford west box, but that box blocked it back, which meant that the train could not pass his (witness's) box. His signal remained up against the Clacton train.

Witness proceeded:—

"While I was waiting for the signal to clear I saw the Gidea Park train come along on the local line. The signal allowed that train to proceed. Just after it had passed my box the Clacton train approached. All the signals were against it. As the engine passed my signal I picked up my red flag, stepped out on the landing and tried to attract the driver's attention.

The Coroner: Even if he had seen you, what could he have done?—He could have pulled up, sir.

Did you see the driver or fireman?—No; the train went by in a flash. I shouted as loud as I could, but nobody seemed to hear me.

Witness estimated the speed of the Clacton train to be forty miles an hour—not an excessive speed, travelling under ordinary circumstances.

ONLY TEETOTALERS TO BENEFIT.

That no person shall benefit under his residuary bequests unless he or she shall become and remain a total abstainer is one of the directions in the will of Mr. Richard Cory, of Cardiff, who left estate valued at £528,364.

Mr. Cory, who was a director of various shipping and railway concerns, orders his executors to give to Sir Clifford Cory, M.P., his nephew, "some article from among my personal effects as they think fit, as a token of my appreciation of his staunch support of the Protestant faith and his attitude in regard to Home Rule." Mr. Cory, though a Liberal, was strongly opposed to Home Rule.

HEIR TO LORD ROBERTS'S DAUGHTER

The birth of a son to Major and Lady Edwina Lewin, second daughter of Lord Roberts, was announced yesterday.

Lady Edwina is heiress-presumptive to her elder sister, Countess Roberts, to whom the title passed by special remainder on the death of Lord Roberts, and her son will be—failing heirs male to the present Countess Roberts—the next in succession.

Lord Roberts in his will left unsettled property valued at £77,304 gross, besides the £100,000 granted to him for his services in South Africa, which latter, subject to certain charges, passes to his elder daughter for life, with remainder to her children, and, failing her issue, to Lady Edwina Lewin for life, with remainder to her children.

GERMANY'S FIXED RESOLVE IS TO WAGE "WAR TO THE LAST MAN."

Kaiser Summons Austrian Heir and Foreign Minister to Berlin Conference.

NO PEACE DISCUSSIONS ALLOWED.

Germans Driven from Trenches and Ammunition Depot Blown Up.

FRENCH PROGRESS ON VERY DIFFICULT GROUND.

"War until the last man. No peace discussions."

In those two sentences is crystallised the whole spirit of Germany after five and a half months of war.

And that determination shows better than anything else the nature of the task which Britain and her Allies must accomplish before the world can have peace.

Once again the Kaiser has his finger in the diplomatic pie.

Baron Burian, the newly-appointed Austrian Foreign Minister, has been summoned to Berlin and arrives to-morrow.

With him is the Austrian Heir-Apparent, and they are to meet the Kaiser, the Imperial Chancellor and the German Foreign Minister.

It is probable that an important turn may be given to the war as a result of the conference.

A Copenhagen correspondent says that as a result of private conferences between the German Chancellor and the leaders of all political parties there is found to be complete agreement on the policy of the military party—which is "war until the last man."

THREE ENEMY POSITIONS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

Germans by Violent Attacks Recapture Some of Their Lost Trenches.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

From the sea to the Lys. There have been artillery duels.

From the Lys to the Somme. On the plateau of Notre Dame de Lorette on the night of the 19th there was an engagement, as was reported yesterday.

To the south of the Somme and on the Aisne there have been some artillery engagements, in the course of which we silenced the enemy's batteries.

In Champagne. To the east of Rheims, in the region of Prosnes-les-Marquises and Moronvillers, we demolished the German works, obliged the enemy to evacuate his trenches and caused the explosion of an ammunition depot.

North-west of Beausejour. We have progressed, capturing by surprise three of the enemy's posts, where we installed ourselves. To the north of Massiges our artillery has had the advantage.

There is no change in the Argonne.

South-east of St. Mihiel. In the forest of Apremont we carried 150 yards of German trenches and repulsed a counter-attack.

To the north-west of Pont-a-Mousson in Le-Pretre Wood the enemy succeeded by a violent counter-attack in recapturing about twenty yards of the 500 yards of trenches carried by us on the preceding days.

We are solidly holding the entire position.

In the sector of Thann—region of Silberlech and Hartmannsweilerkopf—there was an infantry action during the night of the 19th.

We are making slow progress over extremely difficult ground.—Reuter.

WAR LORD'S GUESTS.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 21.—A private message received here from Berlin says that the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Burian, will arrive in Berlin on Saturday next for conferences with Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg and Herr von Jagow, the German Foreign Minister.

Contemporaneously the Austrian Heir-Apparent, the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, arrives at the German Headquarters for an interview with the Kaiser.—Exchange Special.

[Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent reports the arrival in Berlin of both the German Chancellor and the Austro-Hungarian Heir-Apparent.]

"UNTIL THE LAST MAN."

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 21.—It is reported from Berlin that the German Chancellor has held private conferences with the leaders of all political parties about the situation.

All are found to be perfectly in concert with the military party, who claim that the war should be continued "until the last man," and that no discussions about peace should be allowed.

The military party regard it as impossible to get at present a peace which would allow Germany to maintain the same military system as it now possesses, and therefore the army party prefer a struggle to the end.

A special reason for these conferences is the arrival of the new Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is to be expected that nothing will be left undone to "terrify" the enemy, and that no inch of Belgian country will be evacuated unless it is absolutely necessary.

GERMANS' HUNT FOR PORK.

ROTTERDAM, Jan. 21.—German agents in Holland have been buying large quantities of salt pork for several weeks. There have now come orders to "speed up" its delivery.

I learn on unquestionable authority that one Rotterdam firm, supplying a hundred tons, was told that the pork was wanted immediately for the German fleet.

Although the export of hides is prohibited, Germans here are buying and storing vast quantities of hides in the hope that in the near future they may be got across the frontier.

GERMANS IN DREAD OF NEW RUSSIAN ATTACK.

Haste to Strengthen Polish Positions—Overwhelming Offensive Expected.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 20.—A private message from Berlin says the Germans are expecting a fresh Russian offensive in Poland.

It has been reported several times lately that the Russians are bringing up big reinforcements to the Vistula from the interior.

The observer in an Austrian aeroplane which recently went up from Przemysl reported having seen considerable forces of the Russian besieging army marching in a north-westerly direction.

The Germans are fortifying all the positions they now hold in Poland in the strongest manner possible in anticipation of a general Russian attack, which is expected to be made in overwhelming force.

STRENGTHENING CRACOW.

Another message from Berlin states that the Austrians are continually strengthening the defences of Cracow, and the field fortifications extend over an extremely wide area. Artillery, ammunition and provisions are daily pouring into the city.

An account of the fighting at Tarnow describes the opposing trenches as being only 400 yards apart. The German heavy artillery has destroyed the railway station at Tarnow. The situation generally in this region, however, is calm.—Central News.

BRIDGE DESTROYED.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 21.—The official communiqué issued in Vienna states:—

In Poland only artillery duels and skirmishes between patrols took place.

In the Dunajec district our artillery shelled successfully parts of the hostile infantry lines and compelled the enemy to evacuate a farm.

One section penetrated to the river and inflicted upon the enemy losses of some hundreds of men, also destroying a bridge built by the enemy across the Dunajec.

In the Carpathians only small skirmishes took place.—Central News.

SMASHING TURKS' REARGUARD.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 20.—The Russian Headquarters in the Caucasus issue the following:—

In the Ahalik, Lavsor and Kyagani districts there has been a series of combats between our forces and the Turkish rearguards, the remnants of which are in precipitate retreat.

We have captured numerous prisoners and a Turkish camp. On the 18th we occupied Ardanuch.

A torpedo-boat, sent to watch the coast, sank twelve cargo-boats.—Reuter.

NO WAR RISKS TAKEN ON PURCHASED DACIA.

Cotton Cargo for Germany To Be Insured But Not the Vessel.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Following upon a conference between Mr. McAdoo, Secretary to the Treasury, and Mr. Delanoy, of the Federal War Risk Bureau, the latter has decided to issue war insurance for the Dacia's cotton.

He indicated that no policy would be written covering the ship, although the owners are stated to have sought it.

It is understood that the State Department has not advised the Dacia's owners to make the voyage, but has simply communicated to them a statement of Great Britain's attitude, leaving it to the owners to take the responsibility.—Reuter.

The Dacia is a German ship that has been bought by a German-American firm, and her cargo of cotton is destined for Germany.

Asked to allow her to make this voyage without being stopped for search by a war vessel, the British Government refused, as it questions the right of neutrals to purchase interned German vessels until after the war is over.

TURKS CAN ONLY 'INVADE' EGYPT AS CAPTIVES.

Germans Gloomy About March of Ramshackle Army on the Suez Canal.

"The only way the Turks are likely to enter Egypt is as prisoners of war."

That is a bright passage in yesterday's communiqué from Cairo.

Since the last communiqué, issued on January 12, says a Reuter special message, further intelligence, that has been received from reliable sources, shows that the German officers who have been commissioned to drive the Turks against Egypt, become more and more pessimistic as to the results of the venture.

They have, in fact, urgently submitted to Constantinople that the expedition should be postponed until the organisation has been improved and the forces at their disposal reinforced considerably by trained troops.

The only reply received was, however, that no delay could be entertained and that the advance must be pushed on at all costs.

An Egyptian subject who has just managed to escape from Syria, where he was in the service of the Turkish Government, reports that not only do the German officers think that the Arab and Turkish soldiers will kill them if they fail in their attack on Egypt, but the Turkish officers also consider themselves doomed, since they consider that they will all be shot by the British troops or killed by the Arabs when the failure they fear is realised.

As the concentration of the Turkish Army in Southern Palestine progresses, the difficulties of an advance through the deserts of Sinai grow more apparent.

ONLY ONE ROUTE.

Only one route is possible, owing to the lack of water, as only small bodies of men without guns or great stores of provisions could hope to reach the banks of the canal by any of the camel tracks that pass over the more arid parts of the peninsula.

A long march over the desert sands is difficult enough for men, and it is even more so for artillery, while it is absolutely impossible to transport heavy guns to the firing line.

The difficulties of the commissariat are very great, and even if the enemy ever arrive at their rendezvous they will be without any stores of food and water, and will therefore be compelled to attack in haste, while, when they fail, they will neither be able to remain where they are or to escape back to Syria.

The lines of the Canal are considered to be impregnable.

There has been ample time for preparation, and the defences have been designed according to the latest experiences gained on the battlefields in France and Belgium, with every elaboration that military science can control.

Against forces thus securely entrenched, the Turks must advance over open ground, with no cover of any description and absolutely exposed to the fire of heavy guns, battleships, rifles and machine guns.

For the sake of Turkey and Syria it were almost better that a general advance to within striking distance of the Canal took place, as being the quickest way of ending the war.

REBEL "LIVELINESS" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Traitors' Advance Checked by Union Forces—Outpost's Gallant Fight in an Ambush.

CAPETOWN, Jan. 21.—Since the new year the situation has developed along the Orange River. The rebels have definitely abandoned the idea of invading the Cape Province via Schuitdrift.

The rebels under Maritz, Kemp, Schoeman and Stadler left Blydenverwacht on the 9th inst., and proceeded towards Nakob. On the 14th Kemp, with a large commando and some guns, was reported at Ukamas, Maritz and Schoeman being at Jerusalem and Blydenverwacht respectively.

On the same day an outpost of thirty-six men of the 8th Mounted Rifles was ambushed at Langklip, twenty-five miles east of Nakob, and captured after a gallant fight.

The enemy pushed on twenty-five miles to Onydas, and on January 17 attacked the main body of the 8th Mounted Rifles there. The rebels were greatly superior in numbers, and forced the Rifles to retire on Vanrooisvlei with a loss of eight killed and twenty wounded and a number of prisoners.

LEFT CAPTIVES BEHIND.

On the arrival of reinforcements the enemy retired, leaving behind the prisoners they had captured. The enemy's losses are unknown.

Further west, Colonel Bouwer, operating from Steinkopf, seized Ramans Drift on January 12 and cleared the country to the north and north-west.

This success was followed up on the 15th by the sending of two squads towards Sandfontein. The enemy's outposts were driven in. One German coloured scout was killed.

The line of the Orange River is now entirely in our possession, but the enemy is in force still in Union territory, near the eastern border of the German territory, where its further advance has, however, been checked.—Reuter Special.

Steinkopf, from which Colonel Bouwer operated, is in Namaqualand, about forty miles south from the border of German South-West Africa. Sandfontein, towards which a successful advance was made, is about fifteen miles over the border in German territory.

MOTHER WHO SAW A BOMB FALL ON SON.

Wounded Woman's Pathetic Evidence Read at Inquest on Coast Raid Victims.

"THEN THE HOUSE FELL."

"We were all upstairs—me, my husband, the baby and Percy—when I heard a buzzing noise. My husband put out the lamp. I then saw the bomb drop through the skylight and strike the bed where the boy was lying. I tried to wake him, but he was dead. Then the house fell. I do not remember any more."

This graphic story of the falling of an air bomb during the German raid on the east coast was read at the inquest held yesterday on the two victims at King's Lynn—a boy of fourteen, named Richard Goate, and Mrs. Gazeley, a widow, whose husband was killed at the front.

The account of the boy's death was made on oath by his mother, who is lying injured in hospital.

The jury returned a verdict to the effect that both victims died from effects of an act of the King's enemies.

The Foreman: Murder.

The Coroner: Unquestionably. All war is murder. It would be adding something which would be true, but is hardly necessary.

RUSHED TO HER DEATH.

The first case taken at the inquest at King's Lynn was that of Richard Goate, aged fourteen.

Dr. E. R. Chadwick said he saw Goate's body on Wednesday night at the mortuary. There was a lacerated wound one inch long across the front of the nose and a bruise on the chest. The wounds were not sufficient to cause death, which, in his opinion, was due to shock.

Evidence was then given as to the death of Mrs. Gazeley.

SEARCH FOR DAUGHTER.

Henry W. Roe, a dock labourer, said that the body was that of his daughter, whom he last saw alive on Tuesday night.

He went down Bentinck-street soon after the explosion to see if he could find her, and discovered that her house, Rose Cottage, had not been destroyed, but the windows had been shattered. He reported to the police that she was missing.

He heard that Mr. and Mrs. Sayers, whose house was destroyed, had gone to the hospital, and he went to see them. Mrs. Sayers told him that when the explosion happened Mrs. Gazeley was in her (Mrs. Sayers's) house and ran out.

The body was found on Wednesday morning in the ruins of Mrs. Sayers's house, which was four or five doors away from Mrs. Gazeley's.

ALARM AT SUPPER.

The next witness was Mrs. Sayers, whose face was bandaged.

She said they had just finished supper when Mrs. Gazeley said, "There's a dreadful noise." Shortly after this there was a bang, and it frightened them.

Mrs. Gazeley rushed out into the street, and that was the last witness saw of her.

Police Sergeant Beaumont gaev evidence as to digging up the body from the ruins.

"KAISER A PARRICIDE."

PARIS, Jan. 21.—All the Paris papers publish leading articles on the bomb attack on the East coast.

The *Matin* says:—

"It is rather the act of an assassin than of a belligerent to send during the night an airship to bombard an ancient family residence where the Emperor had once been th gust of his grandmother, and to attempt to murder during their sleep not only the King, but the Queen, Princes and Princess.

In bombarding open towns the Emperor has become a freebooter and a pirate, but when with bombs he seeks to destroy the old manor house where in his infancy he received maternal caresses, then it is not only a bandit and a murderer at work, but, in a way, a parricide. His work is not finished, and he is quite capable of avenging his mishaps by bombarding the mausoleum of Frogmore."

The *Excelsior* states that a meeting of all aerial pilots engaged in the defence of Paris was held yesterday, and all solemnly swore to hurl themselves upon Zeppelins if ever they came to Paris.—Reuter.

AMERICAN HORROR.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The *Tribune* declares that the German air raid on English East Coast towns and villages is a disgrace to civilisation.

These bomb-dropping exploits constitute a grievous indictment of German militarism which the friends of Germany cannot attempt to excuse.

It is an act of savagery which the opinion of the civilised world has already condemned.

The *New York Times* says:—"These raids resemble closely the raids of the Indians upon the white settlements during the early days of our history."—Central News.

THE MEN OF THE INFLEXIBLE WERE MERCIFUL.

This unique photograph was taken from H.M.S. Inflexible after she had sunk the German cruiser, the Gneisenau. It shows the men of the Inflexible doing everything in their power to rescue the German sailors. Note the baskets, etc., which they are throwing into the sea for use as lifebuoys. All the boats were out.

THIS WOMAN MAKES MOTORS.

Mrs. L. W. Caswell, of California, is an expert manufacturer of motor-cars. She says she would rather tinker about automobiles than cook or sew or play the piano.

TO MARRY MEN AT THE FRONT.

Miss Kathleen Birch, engaged to Commander G. O. Dickens.

Miss Christine Segar, engaged to Captain H. F. Wailes.

NAVAL LIEUTENANT A BARONET.

Mr. A. St. Lawrence Lee Guinness, a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteers, has become a baronet on the death of Lord Ardilaun. There is no heir, however, to the peerage.

MOTHER, YOUR CHILD NEEDS A LAXATIVE!

If Tongue is Coated, Stomach Sick, or the Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.

When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold, or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhœa, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeits sold here, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 1½d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle.—(Advt.)

BURGLARY

OWING to the recent burglary at JOHN ELKAN'S and necessary Stocktaking, there is now proceeding

A Great Realization SALE

OF

JEWELLERY, WATCHES, CLOCKS and SILVER PLATE

AT AN

IMMENSE REDUCTION.

Specimen item of Extreme Value

ARMY STRAP WATCH

Guaranteed for all Climates, Solid Silver Case, Screw Bezel, Damp and Dust-proof, superior Lever movement, fully Jewelled, splendid timekeeper **42/-**

With luminous dial to be seen in the dark **£2 12s. 6d.**

Write for Complete Catalogue post free.

JOHN ELKAN

Goldsmith & Silversmith,

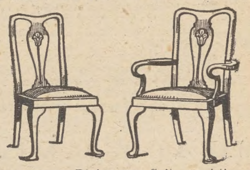
35, Liverpool St., LONDON, E.C.

FURNITURE BARGAIN SALE

SAVING YOU 7/6 in the £

£10,000 WORTH OF HIGH-QUALITY FURNITURE OFFERED at PRICES WHICH RENDER COMPETITION IMPOSSIBLE.

CASH ONLY—NO CREDIT RISKS TO PAY FOR



VERY handsome Dining-room Suite, consisting of two Carving Chairs & four Small Chairs in Oak, upholstered Pegamoid, loose Seats **£3 17 6**

SUBSTANTIALLY-MADE solid satin Walnut Bedroom Suite, consisting of large-size Wardrobe with drawer under, Dressing Chest, with 4 good deep drawers, Washstand, Towel Airer and Chair **£4 12 6**

FULL Size Black and Brass Bedstead, Massive Pillars, very latest pattern, with Bedding .. **£2 7 6**

HANDSOME Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suite, comprising Wardrobe, with drawer under, Dressing Chest, Washstand and Chair, well finished and fitted .. **£6 19 6**

MASSIVE Sideboard, finest Bevelled Plates, splendid finish and fittings, handsomely carved, in Solid Walnut **£4 19 6**

NEW YEAR SALE CATALOGUE "G" POST FREE.

DOWNINGS THE CASH HOUSE 61, 62, 49, 50, 51, LONDON RD., ELEPHANT LONDON, S.E.

(Right opposite Elephant & Castle Bakerloo Station.)

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1915.

TOY SOLDIERY.

ON EXPERT AUTHORITY we learn that there has been a big boom in toy soldiery, tin or wood, since the war began; and especially in the more formidable sorts of pea-shooting artillery, accompanied by tin aeroplanes. This was only to be expected. War is perhaps the most ancient of games amongst infants as well as amongst adults: Etruscan, Cretan, Egyptian toys reveal as much, placed carefully in the tombs of their children (as Gautier so prettily put it) "to amuse the long leisures of eternity." This joy in the rows of many-coloured miniature infantry is immensely increased when there's a real war on. It is the infant's way of living up to the situation.

That sets us wondering what *is* the situation, as it presents itself to them who come into it for their first vital impression—who are born into war so to speak, and take account of it strongly now as almost the normal course of things? "What is peace?" we may have the children saying, poor creatures, before long: such a fine mess have we made of the world they must inherit. In England it is for the majority of children so far a curious question: in Belgium it is like the agonised cry of that other tortured child, Louis XVI's son, the little Dauphin of France, who asked, after one of the terrible "days" of the Revolution, whether "yesterday wasn't over yet," as his sufferings began on the morrow.

In England still our children can play with soldiers. And the situation to them is therefore as real, or as dreamlike, as their game. "Pretend" war and real war confuse themselves imaginatively, one being but a prolongation of the other in their minds. The pretend war is perfectly real while it lasts on the dining-room table. It is real till bed-time. Similarly, the real war, as caught in a word or two of talk from the grown-ups, is a pretence: the grown-ups' extraordinary way of playing amongst themselves.

It would be pleasant to think oneselt back, with childish help, into that state when real and unreal, merging, invest the true cruelty of the thing with a shadow-dress of dreams, so that it becomes like the legend of Troy or Minos, or like those dim-gold Mycenæan masks found by a German professor. German! There you have it. The word brings it all back. You cannot escape from it, if you happen to be grown up. The children escape by enacting it, in idols, on the table.

But what, you object, about their fathers and big brothers—don't they know, don't they realise about these?

We hope not; but the only child we have consulted on this point has fortunately had no bad news from the front. His big brother was in effigy on the table only a day or two ago, in a prominent place strategically, and we ventured to hint at danger. We were told that the ones in red (British) were never killed. That is the advantage of having full control of the situation on the dining-table. The difference is clearly that we cannot so fully control our monstrous play. And therefore we often wish that somebody rather large and very powerful would come in the middle of it and call the bed-time end to it and so turn the real game into dreams for everybody involved.

W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front. It costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and bookstalls.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No dynamite will ever be invented that can rule; it can but dissolve and destroy. Only the word of God and the heart of man can govern.—*Ruskin.*

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

NOT FRIGHTENED.

IF THE GERMANS imagine that by air raids they are going to make us seek terms they never made a greater mistake. This slaughter of innocent women and children will only make us more determined to see the thing through, and I am sure that there is not a man or woman among us who would not sooner lose his or her life in this fashion than have any ending to the war other than absolute German surrender and full acceptance of the Allies' terms. BRITON.

THE BELGIAN NEED.

I WAS GLAD to see in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* that "W. M.'s" humane and genial comments on "The Day that Passes" were devoted to the great needs of the Belgian Army. Many of us have known this long time that our own soldiers (who would willingly share their last crust with anyone in want) are just at present getting more "comforts" than they can use, while the Belgians, for obvious reasons, badly want regular supplies of all descriptions.

It is a satisfaction to all of us to know that our gifts reach them with the least possible delay, and I do hope that the women who feel they must express their intense desire to "help somehow" will now be sending their supplies periodically, either to the depot at 23, City-road, of which "W. M." speaks, or to the Œuvre du Vêtement des Soldats Belges, at 28, Sackville-street, whence cases of warm clothing go out every week to the front.

May I add a word? A visit to the refugee camp at Earl's Court is enough to keep one awake every night tossing in deep discomfort, and wondering in what terms to describe to friends the immediate and overwhelming necessity of warm clothing for the men, women and children who arrive weekly in their thousands, destitute, dazed and helpless. I beg you, sir, to put before your readers in your own more effective words the urgency of this. For myself, language would fail if I tried to tell of the heart-oppression one felt on entering the great waiting-room into which the newly-arrived refugees are gathered. MAY MORRIS.

Kelmscott Manor, Lechlade, Jan. 20.

THE FRENCH ACCENT.

AS "EXPERIENCE" says in Tuesday's issue, it is impossible to speak a foreign language with the accent of a native by the ordinary method of classes.

The "accent" consists not only in the right pronunciation of each individual word, but also in the intonation. Once the former is acquired, the latter is soon obtained by imitation. The acquirement of the right pronunciation of words is wonderfully facilitated by the use of phonetic symbols and transcripts. "Figured" pronunciation is useless, or worse. An experience of over fifteen years with learners whose ages have varied between ten and sixty-two has convinced me that pronunciation is improved 500 per cent. by the constant and persistent use of the symbols of the International Phonetic Association, at the cost of very little time and trouble. VICTOR SPIERS.

King's College, London.

THE DEAD ROBIN.

Tread lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wind and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
—Gone to the world where birds are blest!
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing!

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

SINCE THE ZEPPELIN SCARE IS A FAILURE—

—Why don't Big and Little Willie try the ancient Briton and generally savage dodge of dressing up (or undressing) to look war-frightful? That might altogether break our nerve.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Thoughts About the Meaning of the European Struggle.

THE END OF IT.

SOME of your readers seem to feel that this war means a destruction of our hopes in the ultimate value and benevolence of things.

Surely they forget that through struggle and unhappiness the final happiness must be reached. He that would save his life must first lose it. It is this losing of life, in order to gain higher and better life, that is going on now.

Richmond. M. N. E.

"MALIGNANT" NATURE.

HAS "Perdita" ever heard the cry of the caught rabbit as it lies terrified in the "embrace" of the ferret? Has she seen the panting bird caught by a cat, or the cat being worried by a dog?

"Perdita," "Perdita," is this your idea of a "mother" merciful, pure, patient, who embraces us all?

Think of tortured children suffering from disease. Think of this war, "Perdita," and don't be vaguely sentimental. FLORIZEL.

Park-circus, Glasgow.

VISIBLE Nature is the outward sign and symbol of what Trovata calls "a blind and indifferent power." To confound the two is easy, since the two are one. Nothing in creation stands alone; each part, however small, is related to the whole. Nature and the power behind Nature, Creation and the Creator, are alike one.

This great Nature-power, says your correspondent, "knows neither good nor evil."

No, and for why? Because "good" and "evil" are relative terms invented by man to express certain forces beyond his comprehension. What is good? What is evil? Wrong in one country is accounted right in another! It is left for man to draw the dividing line.

It is possible that in the awful upheaval in Italy there were many souls who loved Nature. Who shall doubt it? But one is oftener hurt than not by what one most loves, and there are things in life more terrible than death.

Surely, "G. M. E.," to fight sleeping sickness is not to fight Nature, since the remedy originates from her no less than the disease. It is but counteraction. Similarly with typhoid. For every disease she provides an antidote, could it be found. By resistance I meant, perhaps, more spiritual than material resistance. The powers of the body do not form the higher factors of life.

PERDITA.

YOUR correspondent "Trovata" refers to the unseen force in Nature as "blind and indifferent," thereby attributing a total lack of reason to the Supreme Intelligence, and further seeks to distinguish it from visible Nature, as known to us in "trees and animals," forgetting, or ignorant of the fact, that the two are bound together, with one merely a lower expression of the other.

The final object of spiritual force, which worked even through the disaster of Avezzano is not yet apparent, and until we have realised the whole of its purpose we can form no conception of the plan which embraces what seems a temporary set-back in Nature. F.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 21.—Seeds should always be ordered early. In a few days sweet peas may be sown in frames, while, if a greenhouse is available, much work can already be done with seeds. Next month seeds will be needed in the kitchen garden, for the sooner broad beans and peas can be got in—providing the weather is favourable—the better.

If plenty of perennials are required, seeds of delphiniums, primroses, lupins, columbines, etc., should be ordered. Dozens of healthy plants can then be raised. E. F. T.

THE FAMOUS HILL "132" OUTSIDE SOISSONS.

This is the famous Hill "132" near Soissons, which has been the scene of some of the most desperate fighting seen in the great war. A position of high strategical value, both the French and the Germans have striven their utmost to capture "132." It is now in the hands of the enemy. Recently fighting took place round the hill for eight days without intermission. Hill "132" will go down to history.

EXTINCT TITLE.

The late Lord Ardilaun, who died at Dublin on Wednesday. There is no heir to the peerage, which now lapses.

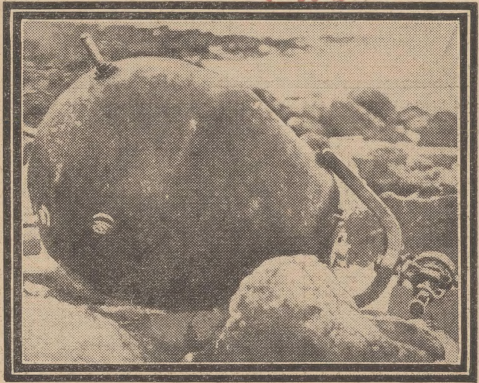
A WATCHFUL FOX.

This fox is used by the driver of a pony trap in Monte Carlo to look after his trap while he makes calls.

A SCULPTOR PRIVATE.

Mr. H. Keast conducting his sculpture class at Paddington Technical Institute in uniform. He belongs to the Artists' Rifles.

MINE WASHED UP BY THE SEA.



This mine was washed ashore somewhere in the United Kingdom and was an object of great interest to large crowds of people on the beach. It has been removed now.

NEW RECORDER.

Mr. George Blaiklock who has just been appointed Recorder of Grantham.

A LITTLE 'I

Lady Edwina Lewin, daughte
Lewin, who has given birth to
have been to

SHELLS RESC

These shell cases and miniatu
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Make a special point of turning to page 9 and reading "Just Like Other Men."

BORN

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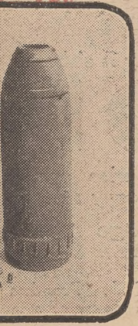
DUST.



rescued from rub-
horeditch dust de-
e fire.

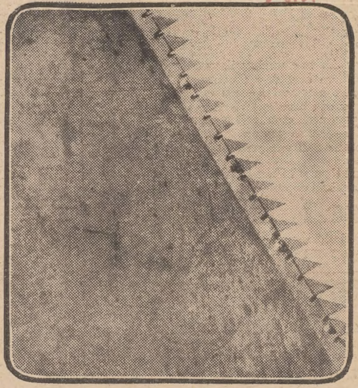
A CHILD'S GREAT FIGHT FOR NAME AND FORTUNE.

This is the much-discussed little "Slingsby baby," aged four, who, through his parents, is seeking to establish that he is the heir to the extensive Slingsby estates. Two brothers of Mr. Charles Slingsby, who claims the boy as his son, assert that Mrs. Slingsby had adopted the child of a young woman named Anderson and passed it off as her own. Much of the evidence has been taken on commission.

SEA RAID INQUIRY.

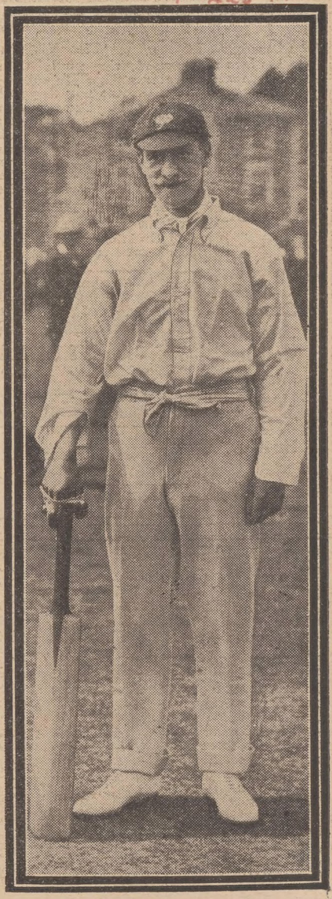
Mr. Aubrey T. Lawrence, who has been appointed secretary of the committee to investigate the damage done in the east coast raid.

FRANCE'S WIRE SAW.



This photograph shows an ingenious apparatus used by the French Army for cutting German barbed wire entanglements.

"F. S." WILL NOW BE M.P.

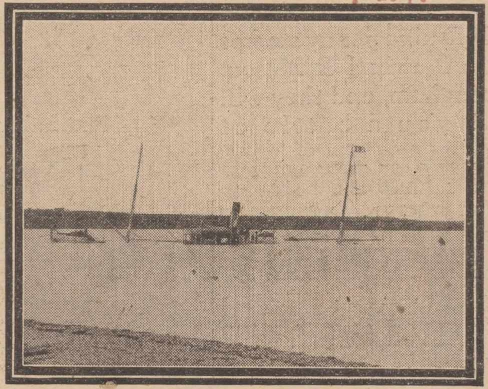


Mr. F. S. Jackson, the famous international cricketer, will be the next Conservative M.P. for Howdenshire.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

Lady Mary Feilding, eldest daughter of Lord Denbigh, who is engaged to Mr. Dormer.

COLLISION OFF HOLYHEAD.



The s.s. Cierbana collided with the s.s. Bangor off Holyhead breakwater on Wednesday morning. The Cierbana is the property of Lord Penrhyn. She was laden with iron ore.

Don't suffer needlessly

Don't let your life be clouded by indifferent health when you can so easily and so quickly get new health and new life by taking 'Wincarnis.' 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all in one. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.

A Positive necessity to all who are

Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down.'

'Wincarnis' is a positive necessity to anæmic girls, to the overworked housewife, to martyrs from Indigestion, to sufferers from Sleeplessness, to the Invalid striving vainly to regain strength after an illness (especially after Influenza), to Old People whose vitality is low, to those who are liable to Coughs and Colds, and to all who are Weak, "Nervy" and "Run-down." 'Wincarnis' offers you the quickest, the surest, and the safest way to new health and new life. The quickest, because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful. The surest, because it has proved its supremacy for over 30 years. The safest, because it does not contain drugs. If your health is not as it should be—don't neglect it. Don't suffer needlessly. Take the advice of over 10,000 Doctors, and buy a bottle of 'Wincarnis' to-day.

WINCARNIS

'The Wine of Life'

has been the means of giving new health and new life to countless thousands of people who suffered as, perhaps, you suffer now. Those countless thousands read our announcements showing how they could obtain new health—just as you are reading this announcement. Those countless thousands bought 'Wincarnis' and obtained the new health they needed—just as you can obtain it if you take 'Wincarnis.' Or else they sent for a free trial bottle—just as you are invited to do. To-day those countless thousands of people are in the full enjoyment of the new health and the new life 'Wincarnis' has given them.

Will you try 'Wincarnis'? All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell it. But be sure you get 'Wincarnis'—don't trust imitations or substitutes.

Begin to get well FREE

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co., Ltd., W 238, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name ....

Address ....

"D. Mr." 22135. ....

Cakeoma
Prize Competition

Closing Date January 31st.

CASH PRIZES: **First £10; Second £5; Third £4; Fourth £3; Fifth £2; Ten of £1 each; Fifty of 10/- each; Fifty of 5/- each; Two Hundred of 2/6 each; An unlimited number of 1/- each.**

Every Competitor sending not less than 24 coupons will receive one of the above cash prizes.

Anyone may compete with as few as 10 coupons, and if not entitled to a cash prize will receive a useful Consolation Prize.

DIRECTIONS FOR SENDING IN COUPONS.

The Coupon is that panel of the Cakeoma bag which is printed in English: *the panel in French will not do.*

Enclose with the coupons a slip giving your **full name and postal address** and the **number of coupons sent.** Write clearly.

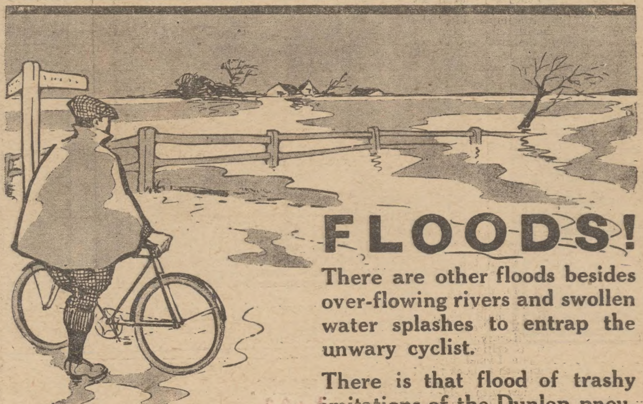
Any number of coupons up to 120, if cut closely, with slip and light wrapper may be sent by post for 1d.

Address the parcel to LATHAM & CO., LTD., CAKEOMA MILLS, LIVERPOOL, where they must be received by **February 2nd at latest.**

Parcels that are insufficiently stamped will not be accepted, and no responsibility is accepted for parcels which are lost in transit, or which do not bear the sender's name and address.

Competitors will be advised of the result by post as soon as possible. The decision of Latham & Co., Ltd., is final in any dispute.

Cakeoma is sold by Grocers and Stores everywhere at 4d. per packet.



FLOODS!

There are other floods besides over-flowing rivers and swollen water splashes to entrap the unwary cyclist.

There is that flood of trashy imitations of the Dunlop pneumatic tyre which sprang into existence on the day when the Dunlop master-patents expired.

Remember! Every pneumatic tyre to-day is either a

DUNLOP

or an imitation of a Dunlop. The wise cyclist will always prefer the original to the copy and fit DUNLOP Warwick or Cambridge Tyres

THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham, and 146, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Your Lazy Liver Needs This Fine Constipation Remedy

To subdue a stubborn liver; overcome constipation, quickly banish dizziness, biliousness, indigestion, headache and the blues, there is nothing on earth so good as Carter's Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

GENUINE must bear signature

Brent Good

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE

which makes

ONE GALLON GINGER WINE

with the addition of lump sugar.

All who apply before February 6th mentioning this paper, will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children.

ARE YOU READING THIS POWERFUL AND DRAMATIC STORY?

"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

He does not know anything about her—not even her name. She is very reserved and does not mix with the other passengers. Day after day he has become more enthralled with her beauty and personality.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench, who brings excellent news.

"I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven is very silent. "You seem very interested," remarks his friend.

"It's like this, Derek," Lionel says, "I've fallen in love with that girl—whole-heartedly in love. I've often heard of love at first sight—well, it's happened to me, that's all."

Derek Trench realising that Lionel is in grim earnest, contrives to introduce them.

* * * * *

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity.

One night, when they are nearing Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. "I love you—I love you," he says. "It's impossible," she cries tremulously. "You hardly know me." Lionel pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time, but Jean promises to write to his club address in London.

* * * * *

Lionel goes straight to his half-brother, Ashley Creswick, in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff. In the middle of the argument Fay comes in. Laughingly, she says that she must take her husband away for a minute or two. Lionel is left in the library.

When husband and wife are together she asks him what it is that Lionel wants. Ashley Creswick tells her. "You must be mad," his wife says.

Ashley Creswick then confesses that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

"Then, why worry?" his wife argues. "Lionel cannot possibly have met him."

As they are talking a maid brings a card in. "A Miss Delaval to see Mr. Creswick," she says, and adds, "She is in the library."

The situation is a critical one, but by clever manœuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Ashley Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement, she sends a cable to young Hepstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

Lionel gets the letter, makes out "Keston" on the post-mark and gets ready to go there.

CRESWICK HEARS THE NEWS.

ASHLEY CRESWICK burst out into a laugh when Lionel had left them. It was the natural reflex action of a man who has just escaped a great peril, and there was perhaps a touch of hysteria in it.

Nevertheless, his wife looked at him with the horror of one who sees another capering on the edge of a precipice.

"Stop that, Ashley," she said harshly. There was a cold, metallic tone in the voice which he knew only too well, and he stopped suddenly.

"Why, what is it, Fay? I thought we had managed things beautifully."

"Beautifully! You little know what danger we have been in—are in now!"

Ashley took a cigarette from his case and lit it with a show of unconcern.

"Well, the danger was pretty obvious, wasn't it?"

"Worse. Far worse than we thought. Do you know who that girl is?"

"Of course, I do; Robert Delaval's daughter."

"I don't mean that. What would you say if I told you she's the girl Lionel has got himself engaged to?"

"Lionel engaged to . . . ? Preposterous!"

"Yet it is so, wildly absurd as it sounds. Lionel and Jean Delaval are engaged to be married."

"But, Fay, please talk sense! How can it be? He has only been home a week and we've had him under our eyes the whole time."

Fay Creswick looked fixedly at her husband. A tiny spot of red had settled in each ivory cheek, and there was a hard brightness in her light blue eyes which made them look like steel.

"Sit down and keep your wits," she said quietly, "for Heaven's sake. We shall need them—every ounce. Where has Jean Delaval been?"

"Been? Ah, yes, I remember. Abroad."

"But where?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you. In Africa!"

'In Africa?"

Ashley repeated the words helplessly, and his wife clicked her impatience inarticulately. Much as she admired her husband's sure business caution, in times of crisis like this her nimble imagination, soaring like a bird, looked down with contempt on the slow pedestrian plodding of his masculine brain.

"Are you asleep?" she cried impatiently. "Don't you understand? They came home in the same boat."

Ashley looked at his wife silently for a while. His face gradually hardened and his lips shut grimly.

Fay tapped her foot restlessly as she waited for his reply.

"Coincidences are not confined to fiction, Ashley. What are we going to do?"

"Coincidences!" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh. "This is no coincidence. It is a wicked plant. That old rascal Delaval knew Lionel was coming back by that boat and worked it so that his daughter should meet him."

"Then I don't believe it," replied Mrs. Creswick. "Your explanation is more fantastic than all the coincidences in a fiction library put together. How could he know? You have heard Lionel himself say that he had not made up his mind to come until two days before the boat sailed."

"And how do you know Lionel isn't in the plot? How do you know she hasn't told the whole thing to him?"

"Rubbish, my dear, rubbish."

"It isn't rubbish," cried Ashley. He was pacing the floor excitedly. "It explains everything. Why should he choose this time of all the years of his life to come and ask me for £5,000? Why should he sulk all day long and moon about the house like a perturbed ghost?"

Mrs. Creswick did not answer for a moment. Her eyes were fixed on vacancy.

"What did she come to say?" she asked presently.

"She wanted a month to find the money. Doesn't it all fit in? How is she to find the money unless Lionel. . . . Oh, we've been a couple of fools, Fay."

"Speak for yourself, my dear. How did she act? What sort of manner had she?"

"Just the sort of manner a woman would have who thinks she has us in her power—absolutely sarcastic and contemptuous."

"Well, from what I have heard of her I hardly expected that she would go down on her bended knees."

"Yes, but she would not have gone out of her way to insult me if she had not been sure of her ground."

Fay Creswick watched her husband in silence as he paced the floor. The colour had gone from her cheeks, but her eyes were still hard and bright.

"You must manage to fix me up an opportunity to see that girl," she said at last.

"What about Lionel?"

"Oh, you're alarming yourself in vain. Haven't I just been speaking to him, and don't you think I should have noticed if he had anything in his mind? Whatever he may get to know in time he does not know yet. Leave him to me, Ashley. You will have to make up your mind to let him have that £5,000."

"Of course. We must get him abroad at any cost. Besides, the way he takes the offer will show which way the wind blows. I'll speak to him to-night."

LIONEL'S STRANGE DECISION.

DINNER that evening was rather a difficult affair. Lionel was quiet and preoccupied, and Ashley awkward under a show of forced affability.

Between the two of them Mrs. Creswick had the utmost need of all the diplomacy in her wonderful repertoire, trying not altogether unsuccessfully to rouse Lionel out of his brooding thoughts and to hold in check the clumsy efforts of her husband.

They were all three heartily glad when the meal was over. There was no formality about Fay, and if she ever left the men over their cigars it was because their company was boring to her. To-night, however, she had no intention of giving them a chance to be together, but, seizing Ashley playfully by the arm, led him away with her.

Lionel was profoundly glad of the relief. He remembered that a fire was burning brightly in his bedroom and escaped thither. He got into his dressing-gown, settled himself in the depths of a comfortable chair and relinquished himself to his thoughts.

And surely if any man had to reconstruct his scheme of life anew, it was he. The whole basis on which he had built his hopes seemed to have slipped from beneath his feet.

To all intents and purposes he was now a pauper. Always careless of money, he had rapidly run through the small sum he had brought back with him from Africa, and, after the snub he had received from his brother, he would have died rather than humiliate himself by accepting anything further.

He knew, of course, that Ashley and Fay could hardly turn him out from beneath their roof, but under the circumstances no man of spirit could be expected to remain for more than a few days longer.

Yet that was the strange part about it. Had he no spirit left? The obvious thing was that he was still there in that Kensington mansion, accepting their hospitality and eating their dinners without any acute sense of shame—nothing but a dull apathetic consciousness that there was nothing else to be done and nowhere else to go.

He could not help contrasting his present emotions with his high enthusiasm a week before, when he had stepped ashore at Southampton with Jean Delaval on one side and Derek Trench on the other.

Jean Delaval and Derek Trench! The two people in all the world he loved more than any others. Both, in different ways, to be partners with him for life—a life to be spent under sunshine and deep blue skies, as free as that of the birds in the air.

And now, nothing. Not even the ability to drag his broken steps back to the country which was to have been his home. No plans, except the feverish one of finding the girl who had thrown him over so unaccountably.

And that plan was soon formed, as far as he could form it. He had nothing to go upon except the half-obliterated post-mark on the envelope of the letter she had written. The recollection of it reminded him of the instructions he had given the butler to find out for him where the place was, and he rang the bell.

"If Parkes is anywhere about," he said to the man who answered the summons, "send him up here, please."

A few minutes later the butler knocked and entered.

(Continued on page 11.)

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

GAVE LIFE FOR ANOTHER.

P.16903

A noble deed of self-sacrifice was performed by Private Leslie Caulder, of the London Scottish. He went out from his trench to help a wounded Coldstreamer, whom he brought back, though fatally wounded himself.

For Gastric Influenza

take

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"On the advice of an eminent Harley-street physician I have taken Angier's Emulsion for gastric catarrh, and its effect has been remarkable. The sickening pain and other disagreeable symptoms quickly disappeared. My digestion greatly improved, and in a few days I was able to take solid food. The doctor wishes me to continue with the Emulsion as a tonic." (Name and address privately.)

FREE SAMPLE. Send name and address, 3d. postage. and mention "Daily Mirror." ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

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THE NERVES AND THEIR NEEDS

We do not give much thought to our nervous system when it is working all right, but when it goes wrong nature has a way of calling our attention forcibly to the trouble by something we cannot overlook—pain.

When you try to reach tortured nerves by medicine of any sort you are confronted with a fact that every doctor knows—that the only way to reach the nerves is through the blood.

You see now why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the great tonic for the blood, are also a great nerve builder. When a nerve becomes inflamed and painful—unless injured by an accident—it is because the blood has not given it the nourishment it needed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood, the nerves are strengthened, the inflammation subsides and the pain vanishes. By keeping your blood rich and red by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the danger of nervous breakdown, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia and other disorders caused by ill-nourished nerves are greatly lessened. In children the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banishes the risk of St. Vitus' Dance.

So begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to-day: all dealers sell them (but never accept substitutes), or send to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London. 2s. 9d. for one box, or 13s. 9d. for six.

FREE.—You can obtain free a useful book about Nervous Disorders by addressing a post-card to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London. —(Advt.)

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Miss Dorothy Minto.

Another Revival!

I am getting confused with all these theatrical revivals. Soon we shall not have a new play in the theatre lists. Next week, when "The Chinese Honeymoon" reappears in London—at the Prince of Wales's—I see Miss Dorothy Minto is to play the part of Fi Fi, which Miss Louie Freear made famous in 1901.

Miss Dorothy Minto.

In that year Miss Minto had yet to make her debut on the stage—in fact, it is not until three years later that I find any record of her, and then—in December, 1904—I find that she played Nan in "The Power of Darkness" at the Royalty. Since then we have heard a lot of her in both serious and frivolous plays, even to revue, and those who ought to know tell me she will make another success with the fourteen-year-old part of Fi Fi.

Methodical Philosophy.

A methodical philosopher I know tells me that he has been working out the chances of future air raids with the help of an almanac, and he asks me to point out for the benefit of the nervous that those chances are growing less and less each day. This is how he does it. He assumes that an air raid on this country to have any chance of success must take place during the hours of darkness.

How the Chance Grows Less.

Assuming protective light for an hour before sunrise and an hour after sunset, he has discovered that while yesterday there were thirteen hours twenty-four minutes of darkness during which hostile aircraft might attack us, by the end of the month there will only be twelve hours and fifty-nine minutes. By mid-February that time will be reduced to twelve hours six minutes, and by the end of that month still further to eleven hours sixteen minutes.

Things That Will Happen.

By the beginning of May the Zeppelins will have to hustle to get their work done in six hours sixteen minutes of darkness, and in the middle of June, before the days begin to shorten, there are but five hours twenty-five minutes' lack of light. And before the darkness draws out again lots of things will have happened, he says, among them, possibly, a serious embarrassment of the German air service.

Why He Joined.

Our home brand of what other people call patriotism is a curious thing. It takes a lot of finding sometimes. Take the case of one London shop assistant I heard of yesterday. Nothing had moved him until the air raid on Yarmouth. It was not that he was Yarmouth born, or indignant at the murder of innocent folk; no, this was his reason, given to a friend of mine to whom he announced that he would not be able to serve her again. "I never thought of going before, but Yarmouth did it; it was my favourite holiday resort!" He enlisted last night.

A Sign of the Times.

Quite one of the most remarkable signs of the times is the change in the programme provided nowadays by street entertainers. No longer is the theatre queue kept cheerful (!) by the antics of acrobats and conjurors; the patriotic ballad singer reaps the harvest now; one feels that the gallery-door mimic would be hissed. Gone is "The Rosary" from the repertoire of the barrel organ and the itinerant music vendor; the former tells us that we still rule the waves, the latter offers us "All the national anthems of the Allies," which apparently include "Tipperary"!

Utilise All Waste Land.

I was well acquainted with the late Mr. J. Fels, the American philanthropist, who devoted all his time and money to "back-to-the-land" schemes. His favourite idea was to get unemployed men to turn any odd bits of waste land into vegetable patches. Surely with a long war ahead, there is no reason why we should not do this now. There is any amount of land lying about because it is not "ripe for improvement," as the builders say. A vast quantity of vegetables could be grown, and we may certainly need them if food prices keep on soaring. In Germany all building land is now being devoted to potatoes, and we might certainly follow suit.

The Prince at the Front.

The Prince of Wales, I see, has been paying a visit to the eastern frontier of France and inspecting the regions of Lorraine devastated by the Germans. His Royal Highness stopped at Nancy both going and returning. A young officer in London for a few days' leave tells me that the Prince is having the time of his life with the troops. He takes his duties on General French's staff very seriously, but when recreation time comes he is as glad as any of the rank and file.

He Likes Football, Too.

About a fortnight ago the Prince happened to pass when a team was being made up for "Soccer." He "chipped in," said my informant, and enjoyed the game to his heart's content. At the finish he was covered with mud from head to heel, but it was plain that he was in the pink of condition and had relished the game as well as anyone on the field.

Tailor's Gloomy Smile.

My tailor, with a very melancholy smile, showed me yesterday a message he had received from a maliciously humorous young creditor of his, a youthful subaltern now at the front. The message took the form of a field postcard, on which, of course, the writer is not allowed to put his address. The subaltern erased each one of the messages printed on the card except "I am quite well" and "I have not heard from you since ——," the date given being that on which the Expeditionary Force landed in France.

New Coins at the Front.

I am not talking about the time when francs may be substituted for marks, but of the coinage which our Tommies at the front have improvised. I was talking to a friend back on three days' leave, and he was telling me how in his part of Flanders everybody has gone back to the days of barter. It is not that there is any lack of ready cash, but that the men find other things a great deal more useful.

Golden Matches.

Pence of ordinary day life are represented by cigarettes, which are counted in fives; a tinder-box would be worth a hundred cigarettes; while a notebook and pencil could not be bought for less than 500 cigarettes. Oddly enough, to show how conservative Tommy can be, he much prefers matches to patent lighters and there is a great premium on them.

We Have to Give Ground.

Our football campaign grows fiercer and fiercer. "Tommy" delivers his attacks forty and fifty strong daily without any signs of weakening, and though we put up a fine fight he is beating us. Yesterday our reinforcements numbered thirty-one, bringing the total up to 1,283. But that doesn't worry "Tommy." He attacked us with forty-five letters, and swamped our day's supply.

1,267 Distributed, but More Wanted.

We had distributed 1,267 footballs up to yesterday afternoon; the surplus will have gone out by to-day, and we are faced with a deficit of between sixty and seventy. Yesterday's applications included one from the 9th Gurkhas and twenty odd more from the front. These we repulsed, but there are scores of deserving men at home who will have to wait unless we can make a huge effort. So once more I appeal for reinforcements. Another 100 balls at once, please.

Something Like Patriotism.

Whenever I hear any talk of lack of patriotism I am usually impelled to cite the case of the middle-aged City merchant—now in the Anti-Aircraft Service—who for the past three months has been paying a man at the rate of £200 a year to look after his business. He has done this solely and simply to be able to give all his time to mastering his new duties and to qualify himself, if he gets the chance, for "a trip across the water," where he will soon get the opportunity of putting what he has learnt to a practical test.

A Scotsman's Example.

Visiting a London hospital the other day, I spoke to a Scotsman, home from the front with rheumatic fever caught in the trenches. His account of how he came to rejoin also affords a noble example of patriotism. "I've a wife and four children," he told me, "and there was no need for me to go. But there were four young fellows in my village up north who would not join, so I told them I'd go if they would. They did so—and, of course, I did as well."

Vive "La Freims."

"If Rheims is to be pronounced 'Rance,' and reveillé 'revally,' I submit that the following is permissible," writes a correspondent:—

There was once a young soldier of Rheims,
Who exclaimed, as he shouldered his leims,
"Come, sound the reveillé;
No longer we'll deillé;
We'll conquer or die for La Freims!"

I agree it is quite permissible.

Belgian "Items."

Although the war has killed "collecting" on a large scale among most of us, I find that many of my friends have taken to collecting prints and books on Belgium. Old steel engravings that before the war were to be had for a penny are now fetching sixpence or a shilling in the shops, and better prints are correspondingly "up."

A New Thing to Collect.

All guide-books to Belgium, too, are being collected, for the Belgium of to-morrow will be a very different place from the Belgium of yesterday. Louvain, for instance. One man showed me a collection of over 100 "items," as the booksellers call them, on Belgium the other night, and I found them peculiarly interesting.

The First Belgian Portfolio.

And here I would like to recommend the First Belgian Portfolio to print collectors. It is worthy of attention on two grounds; first because the entire proceeds of its sale go direct to King Albert for the relief of distress in Belgium, and secondly because of the beauty of the six lithographs by Mr. Anthony R. Barker, of which it consists.

No More Old Brass.

Talking of "collecting" reminds me that the happy days of the collector of old brass in Belgium are gone forever, I fear. All those quaint pots and pans and ornaments that used to fascinate the tourist at the Bruges Saturday market, for instance, will never be seen again; they have gone into the melting-pot to extract copper for the German Army, so they tell me.

Frau Clara Viebig.

German Hysterics.

There is a lady novelist named Clara Viebig, whom American Germans most un-Germanically call the "German George Eliot," who has been seized with what she calls "a holy office." This is a picture of the lady, and her office is to defend the honour of German men against the outrageous charges brought against them during this war. "I want to rage in mighty deeds," she says, "but I can only find an outlet to my feelings in a stream of unrestrained tears." Thinking of Louvain evidently, you think; but no.

Can It Be?

Indignant Frau Viebig continues rising to great heights. An unheard-of insult has been done to German women she thinks. "Are we, then, barbarians who gave birth to sons who are like savages; nay, even worse than these, like bloodthirsty beasts? Do we belong to men who tear themselves from our arms in order to spear children, dishonour women, murder defenceless people, burn down villages, destroy works of art, and then bring booty to us with reeking hands?"

If!

The lady continues in this best style of novelese for a long while, and concludes, after a really splendid denunciation of England, with the words, "No, we Germans are not barbarians! If we ever should be, then may the sun grow dark above us and our glory set as if it had never been!"

That "Place in the Sun."

Well, it does seem that the "place in the sun" the Kaiser talked so much about is getting farther and farther away, and as for the questions about bloodthirsty beasts and destroyed works of art, perhaps the excited lady might turn to a few of the reports on Belgium in the American papers. She will find an answer there. THE RAMBLER.

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FOR THE
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OF
HOSTILE AIRCRAFT AND BOMBARDMENT VICTIMS, LIFE, LIMB and PROPERTY.
For full details see To-day's
"DAILY MAIL"

Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

"Did you find out for me where that place, Keston, is?" Lionel asked, throwing as much indifference into his tone as he could assume.

"Yes, sir," replied the man. "It's a little village about three miles past Bromley in Kent."

"And how does one get to it?"

"Well, sir, the nearest station is Hayes."

"And how do I get there?"

"From Charing Cross, sir."

"Thank you, Parkes, that will do."

He made a note of the name. "You might please look me up a train about ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very good, sir."

When the man had gone Lionel tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. He would go out early next day, and, if he had to call at every house in the village, he would stay there until he had found the girl he sought.

As he sat there gazing into the fire other thoughts and imaginings crowded in on his mind. It was as though the scales had dropped suddenly from his eyes and he had begun to see things which were previously hidden.

This life of Ashley's and of Fay's, for instance. Of what nature was it? He had known his brother from his own infancy and had taken him for granted, never questioning the man's character or temperament. He himself had left for Africa when quite a boy, and had never really given the matter a thought.

He knew, of course, that as life went, Ashley had made a success of it; that he was a prosperous City merchant—of what kind or in what line of business Lionel hardly knew, except that he believed it to be something to do with banking and the discounting of bills.

And then, Fay. She had been a stupendous surprise to him. He had never heard of her before he went abroad, but he remembered the rather stiff formal letter Ashley had written him some years ago announcing his marriage with a widow of good social position.

Away out there on the veldt he had formed a mental picture of this widow—a picture of a stout, homely woman, with property—Ashley was hardly the man to marry poverty.

But instead of the stout homely woman he had discovered a mere slip of a girl, not more than five and twenty on the most extravagant estimate, who might from appearances be his brother's daughter.

There were other problems that occurred to him: the uncanny silence that brooded over that great house, and the fact that during the whole week he had been there no visitors had called nor guests been entertained.

Except . . . except that voice he had heard in the hall.

So absorbed was he in his thoughts that he nearly jumped at the sound of a soft knock on the door. "Come in," he shouted, and Ashley, closing the door gently behind him, came over to the fire.

There was a studied charm in his manner as he took a seat opposite his brother.

"Lionel, my boy," he said pleasantly, "I'm not going to take the credit of it myself, because it's Fay who talked me over, but I just wanted to say before you turn in that you can have that £5,000."

Lionel looked at him curiously.

"Much obliged," he said curtly, "but I don't want it."

"You don't want it? Why?"

"Because I have changed my mind. I'm not going back to Africa."

There will be another interesting instalment to-morrow.

NEWS ITEMS.

Distance No Object.

Sixty British subjects from Australia, Fiji and other Pacific points have just left Montreal for England, says Reuter, to volunteer,

Five Years for Amateur Postman.

For having carried letters from Holland to Belgium, an inhabitant of Bruges, says Reuter, is reported to have been sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Stayed Too Long.

Constructed as an armed cruiser, the German ship Barenfels, which took refuge for three days in the Suez Canal, has been condemned, says the Central News, by the Cairo prize court.

First Catch Your Hare.

Well-to-do Belgian refugees who have not returned to Belgium by March 1, says Reuter, are to be obliged to pay ten times the special tax that has been imposed on those who have fled.

Park Victim Identified.

The body of a man who was found shot in a plantation of Richmond Park has been identified as that of Albert J. Dobbe, an employee at the Anglo-South American Bank, Old Broad-street, E.C.

Shot Writ-Server.

Found guilty of shooting a solicitor's clerk who served a writ on him, Joe Hargreaves was ordered at Lancaster Assizes yesterday to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure, doctors declaring him to be insane.

Young Scottish Engineers.

Recruits under seventeen years of age are wanted for the Scottish Engineers (C.F.), and application should be made between seven o'clock and nine o'clock any evening, at the headquarters, 152, St. Paul's-road, Highbury, N. Military engineering will be taught and week-end camps will be held.

WINDSOR RACES TO-DAY.

After a break of two days, steeplechasing will be resumed to-day at Windsor, where two excellent programmes have been arranged. Selections are appended:—

1. 0.—Mill Maiden Hurdle—MILLBRIDGE.
1.30.—Friday Steeplechase—VICTOR DE WET.
2. 0.—Eton Hurdle—ASHORE.
2.30.—Island Hurdle—SIDLEY.
3. 0.—Datchet Steeplechase—MAID MARIAN.
3.30.—Suffolk Steeplechase—TOP HOLE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*MILLBRIDGE and ASHORE.

BOUVERIE.

ARMY ATHLETICS.

With the splendid list of forty-one units (twenty runners from each unit to start, and ten in each unit to score for points) entries have now closed for the Aldershot Centre Training Cross-Country Championship on Saturday, January 30.

Many well-known athletes will be found competing, and among the officers who are expected to take part in the race are international Rugby football players and notable athletes from the 'Varsities and public schools. Between 700 and 800 individuals may turn out—the biggest muster ever attempted in a championship competition.

At a meeting of the Football Association the following draw was made for the third round of the Amateur Cup competition:—Bishop Auckland v. Stanley United, Stockton v. Crook Town, Hathersage v. Harrowby, Page Green Old Boys v. Lowestoft Town, Clapton v. Bromley, Ilford v. Portsmouth Amateurs, London Caledonians v. Oxford City, Walthamstow Grange v. Nunhead.

In the Army they are rubbing CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN upon their feet as well as upon their boots. It prevents soreness when on the march. Made by the makers of CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.—(Advt.)

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—Mdes. Delysia, Hanako, Sim, Balfour; Messrs. Playfair, Morton, in Harry Grattan's "ODDS AND ENDS," at 9. Preceded by Hanako in "Otake," 8.30. Mats., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

DALY'S, Leicester-square. Evenings, at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices.) 100th PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW (Sat.) Evening.

DRURY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED. TWICE DAILY, 1.30 and 7.30. George Graves, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Renee Mayer. Box-office open all day. Gerrard 2588.

DUKE OF YORK'S. TO-DAY, at 2 o'clock. CHARLES FROHMAN presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 2, and THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 8.

GLOBE. Evgs. 8.15. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART.

HAYMARKET. At 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sats. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d.

HIS MAJESTY'S. CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION. DAVID COPPERFIELD. Evenings, at 8. Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2. HERBERT TREE. EVELYN MILLARD.

KINGSWAY. Evenings, at 8. Mats., Weds., Sats., 2.30. THE DYNASTS, by Thomas Hardy. Abridged and produced by Granville Barker. LAST PERFORMANCES.

SPECIAL Matinees, To-day and Jan. 26, 28, 29, at 2.30. CARLO LITEN in LE CLOITRE, by Emile Verhaeren.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway, W.C. GRAND PANTOMIME, ALADDIN. Twice Daily, 1.30 and 7.0. War Prices. "The Times" says: "Most Brilliant." "The Dispatch" says: "One of the best in London."

LYRIC THEATRE. THE EARL AND THE GIRL. Every Evening (except Mondays), at 8. Matinees, Mons., Weds., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

PALLADIUM. PANTOMIME. Daily, 2.15. DICK WHITTINGTON. Matinees only. Clarice Mayne, Harry Weldon and Co. of 150. The BRIGHTEST and FUNNIEST. Popular Prices.

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ALHAMBRA. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE (including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime). Varieties, 8. Revue, 8.30. Mat., Weds. and Sats., 2.30.

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PALACE.—Christmas version of THE PASSING SHOW, with Bransby Williams, Basil Hallam, Nelson Keys, Gwendoline Brogden, Mado Minty, Lewis Sydney (new scenes, new songs, Tableau, "Le Rève"), Albert Whelan. War Pictures, 10.50. Passing Show, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9. LITTLE TICH, RUTH VINCENT, HETTY KING, MAIDIE SCOTT, MARY MAYFREN and Co., FARR and FARRLAND, etc.

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Friday, January 22, 1915.

The Daily Mirror

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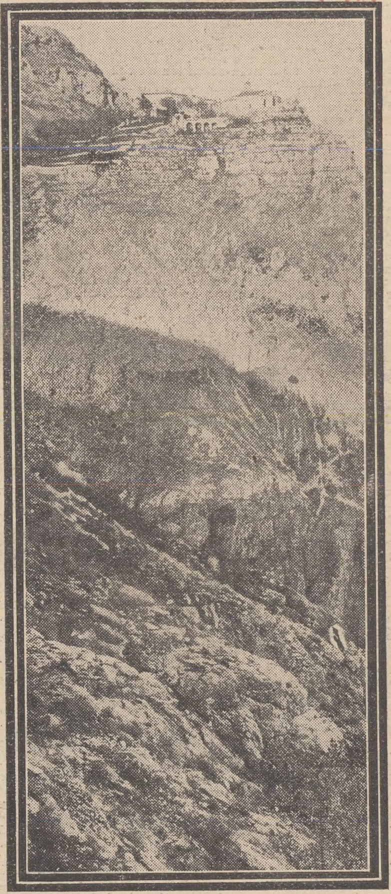
THE DESERTED VILLAGE: MALE POPULATION FIGHT FOR FRANCE.

The main street of Gourdon at midday—silent and deserted.



The little village high up in the Alps.

The village priest and the wounded soldier.

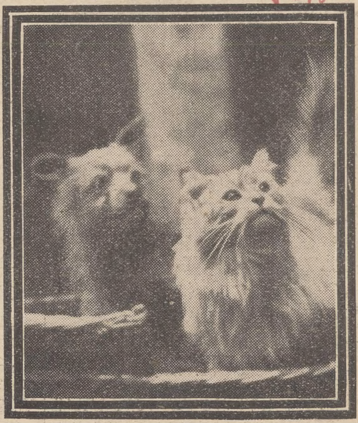
The house where Gourdon's wounded soldier lives is marked +.

This is the little village of Gourdon, in the Maritime Alps. Before the war it had a population of 150 persons, but now, with the exception of a few very old men, the entire male population is fighting for France in the trenches. All the agricultural work in the fields is now done by the women, so that during the day time, apart from the village priest and a wounded soldier, Gourdon is absolutely deserted.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

THE HOME FOR DOMESTIC PETS WHOSE MASTERS HAVE GONE TO THE FRONT.

The dog Crack is Colonel Oliphant's pet.

A Sunday scene. Masters off to the front.



A dead French soldier's Persian cat.

At Kinnerton-street, Knightsbridge, a home has been established for domestic pets whose masters are fighting for their country. A good many of the animals' masters are dead, and the nearest relations are being sought. Many soldiers call at the home to leave their pets before going to the front.

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